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THE

STORIES OF SENEX;

OR,

LITTLE HISTORIES

OF

LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY E. A. KENDAL, K

AUTHOR OF KEEPER'S TRAVELS, THE SPARROW, THE WREN, THE SWALLOW, THE CANARY BIRD, &c. &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

AMONG the various ſources from which improvement may be derived, and among the various objects which books may laudably endeavour to place in a right point of view, domeſtic life is not to be neglected. It is of importance, that the ſtory-telling moraliſt, while he ſeeks by fables of various ſorts, and by imagery of every pleaſing kind, to impreſs the mind with general principles of truth, ſhould ſometimes apply them directly to ordinary ſituations and every-day occurrences.

rences. From circumſtances to which children are perpetually expoſed, from incidents to which they are always liable, and from particulars with which they are well acquainted, uſeful and impreſsive narratives may be drawn; and of this deſcription, it is hoped, the following collection will be found.

THE STORIES
OF
SENEX.

THE FIRE.

MRS. SEAFORD was exceedingly fond of her children. On going out to paſs the evening at ſome diſtance from her own houſe, ſhe one day ſaid to them; "My dears, amuſe yourſelves together, but do not be rude: let me not, on my return, have any complaint againſt you, Roſalind, nor againſt you, Amelia. You have both a little taſk to learn againſt the morning: ſo, before you go to play, each of you muſt have

 finiſhed

finiſhed it. George has already begun his part; Auguſtus muſt go and complete his leſſon: and then both may come here, and play with their ſiſters."

The children were in reality very good: they played at ſeveral games; they made no noiſe, nor entered into any quarrels; every thing was in the beſt order, and they would have paſſed the evening very happily, if little Roſalind, in entering her papa's room, had not committed a great fault.

Roſalind was pretty, gentle, and amiable; but ſhe was giddy, and had no more in her head than a mouſe; thought little of what ſhe ſaid; and ſtill leſs of what ſhe did. Having occaſion to go in ſearch of ſomething in her father's room, ſhe took a candle

with her, but returning in haſte, ſhe left this lighted candle on a table among ſeveral letters, and a large heap of papers.

Her brothers and ſiſters, all engaged at play, did not obſerve that ſhe came back without the candle, or they thought that ſhe had put it out.

It was not till a quarter of an hour after this, that Roſalind, ſmelling the ſcent of burning, recollected having left the lighted candle in the next room, and immediately ran to find it.

Alas, what was her fright when ſhe opened the door! The candle had burnt out, and, in ſo doing, had communicated the flame to the papers, theſe had ſet fire to the table; ſo that poor little Roſalind, on opening the door, was enveloped in ſmoke.

She cried out loudly: immediately, her brothers and ſiſters, as well as the ſervant, haſtened to her, and ſeeing the flames, all at once exclaimed: "The houſe is on fire! Alas! the houſe is on fire!"

If any one had had the preſence of mind to fetch ſome water, the fire might have been quenched: for there was nothing yet on fire ſave the table and the papers.

But the fright had ſo alarmed the ſpirits of every one, that they thought of nothing; they only wept, and cried: "O, what a misfortune! we are loſt!"

The fire, therefore, had time to ſpread: it reached the curtains, the drawers, the wainſcot, and preſently all the room was in flames. The neigh-

neighbours, who ſaw the fire, ran, and ſounded the alarm-bell; the engines were brought, and the mob gathered.

The tumult was horrible: on all ſides, people were crying out, fire! fire! water! water!—Here is the fire, ſaid the neighbours, we muſt knock at this houſe. Carpenters forced open the windows in order to play the engines, and cut away the woodwork to prevent the fire from increaſing. This laſted for two hours; after which the fire was extinguiſhed; but there remained nothing of the houſe beſide a heap of aſhes and embers. Every thing was conſumed by the flames: clothes, linen, furniture; nothing was ſaved. The poor little canary-bird, which was the delight of the houſe, was burnt; and Roſalind herſelf re-

ceived, in the confuſion, ſo many hurts, that her face was covered with blood.

Mr. and Mrs. Seaford arrived at this moment. Who can depict their conſternation! But, without reflecting upon their ruin, they immediately ſought their children among the crowd; and having found them, they led them to a friend, begging that they might be received and lodged during a few days. They took Roſalind in their arms, who had fainted and was inſenſible. This friend was a very obliging man, and he received them with a hearty welcome: "My unfortunate friends," ſaid he, "my houſe is freely open to you; it is at your ſervice. I ſhould have found an aſylum with you, if the fire had happened here.

The

The children related to their father, while ſhedding torrents of tears, how the accident had happened: "My dear children," ſaid the good father, "why did you not immediately throw water upon the fire, or have called at once for the aſſiſtance of our neighbours? See to what a ſad condition you have reduced me! with a little courage and preſence of mind, you might have prevented my houſe from being burnt; but in abandoning yourſelves to alarm, you have rendered the cruel careleſſneſs of Roſalind irreparable.

GEORGE; OR THE BEST METHOD OF FINISHING A TASK.

It was ſome days ſince Leopold had ſeen his friend George. He went to viſit him. On entering his room, he found him ſeated before the table in a melancholy mood, with his head inclined upon one of his hands: "What are you come for," ſaid he to Leopold, in a tone of vexation.

"I came to ſee you," replied Leopold; "but it ſeems that my viſit does not pleaſe you, and that I am troubleſome. What makes you in this humour? are you ill? are your papa and mamma angry with you? Something diſagreeable muſt have happened to you?"

"Nothing

"Nothing of all this," ſaid George, but look here; my papa has given me a paſſage in this book to copy. I muſt write out the whole of this page, and half of the next. This will give me a great deal of trouble, and not leave me a moment for play."

"If this is the whole of your affliction," ſaid Leopold, "you may eaſily releaſe yourſelf; it is the eaſieſt thing in the world. Come, here is ink, paper, and pens; and do not move from this place till you have finiſhed your whole taſk. Go on; it will not be long, and you will find how comfortable your heart will afterward feel. There is a piece of good advice which my tutor often gives me: he ſays, that it is impoſſible to feel eaſy while the

the leaſt part of our duty remains unfiniſhed; that for this reaſon, we ſhould begin our work with courage, and not leave it till it is done; and that the pleaſure of ſeeing it finiſhed is a complete recompence for the trouble we have taken."

"Aye, but I have too much to do," replied George; "obſerve a little, I beſeech you; here is one page, and the half of another; it is impoſſible for me to copy all this long chapter." Poor George's heart, while he ſaid this, grew ſo big that he burſt into tears.

"Ah, my friend," ſaid Leopold, "it is preciſely becauſe you have much to copy that you ought to begin directly: if you paſs the whole day with your head upon your hand, and in

in wetting your handkerchief with tears, you will make no progreſs. Courage! begin to write. I am going into that corner to read till you have finiſhed. Reſt aſſured that I ſhall not give you the ſmalleſt diſturbance."

The wiſe little Leopold retired to a corner of the room, ſaid not a word, and began to read. George took his pen, and, heaving a deep ſigh, began to write in ſilence. The more he wrote, the more the number of the lines that he had to copy diminiſhed. He perceived this, and redoubled his ardour. At the end of half an hour, he cried out; "See here, it is done!"

He jumped with joy, ſhook hands with his friend, thanked him for the good advice which he had given, and afterward played with him for a couple of

of hours, each pleaſed with having done his duty. Thus courage and good-will accompliſh thoſe things that appear moſt difficult.

AUGUSTUS.

AUGUSTUS; OR, THE BLESSINGS OF OBEDIENCE.

LITTLE AUGUSTUS, while he was very young, had the misfortune to loſe his father, who was killed by a fall from his horſe. He cried night and day; becauſe he could never ſee his father any more. No perſon could comfort him, though every one ſought to do it. His uncle propoſed to him to paſs ſome time in the country with his couſins. When every thing was prepared for his departure, his mother took him in her arms, and ſaid to him, ſhedding tears herſelf: "My dear child, obſerve, I conjure you, what I am going to ſay. Never expoſe yourſelf to danger by mount-

ing a horſe, nor by riding in a carriage, unleſs ſome careful perſon is with you who can look after your ſafety. Your father's misfortune makes me tremble for you; it would be ſhocking to loſe you by the ſame accident that has robbed me of your father."

"Make yourſelf eaſy, my dear mamma," replied Auguſtus; "I promiſe you that nothing in the world ſhall lead me to diſobey you." In ſaying this, he threw himſelf on his mother's neck, and did not leave her till he had given her ſeveral of the "little ſtrong embraces" of childhood.

He ſoon arrived at his uncle's houſe, where he was very well received. His couſins were eager to divert

divert his grief by every amuſement they could imagine. Some days after his arrival, his couſin Alexander, the eldeſt of the family, about fourteen years of age, came to him one morning and ſaid, "My papa went out at day-break; make haſte and dreſs yourſelf. I have had the horſe put into the chaiſe: we will have a ride."

Auguſtus at firſt accepted this invitation with joy; but it was not long before he recollected what his mother had ſaid. He went down immediately, and finding Alexander, who was already in the chaiſe, he ſaid, "My dear couſin, I thank you for the pleaſure which you have propoſed to me, but I have recollected that I cannot accept it. Mamma made me promiſe, before I came away, that I

would not get into any carriage, unleſs a grown-up perſon was with me."

"And what am I, then?" ſaid Alexander; "Do you take me for a child like yourſelf?"

"No," replied Auguſtus; "but I am ſure that mamma, if ſhe were here, would not let me go with you alone in the chaiſe."

"If ſhe were here, we ſhould hear what ſhe would ſay," replied Alexander; "but, as ſhe is not——"

"Oh," cried Auguſtus, "it is the ſame as if ſhe were; for I have promiſed, and I muſt never break my promiſe."

"Very good," ſaid Alexander, with a little peeviſhneſs; "I thought that this ride would have given you pleaſure; but ſince you do not chuſe

to

to come with me, I will enjoy the chaiſe without ſharing your fears, be they of what ſort they may." Here, giving the horſe a blow with his whip, he drove away.

Auguſtus, being alone, walked in the garden, where he conſoled himſelf for the pleaſure of which he had deprived himſelf by reflecting that he had obeyed his mamma, notwithſtanding the perſuaſions of his couſin.

While he was amuſing himſelf in gathering flowers, in liſtening to the ſongs of the birds, and in running along the terrace, a ſervant came and told him, that his couſin had been thrown out of his chaiſe, and had been brought dying to the houſe.

In truth, Alexander arrived in a

moſt deplorable condition. His head was cut in ſeveral places; one eye was blinded, and the other much hurt. Every kind of aſſiſtance was laviſhed upon him; but he died at the end of an hour.

Auguſtus, while deploring the melancholy loſs of his couſin, could not but reflect, that he had eſcaped a ſimilar fate only by his obedience to the orders of his mother.

LITTLE ZOE.

LITTLE ZOE was in the houſe alone. Her father and mother were gone to pay a viſit to one of her friends; her brothers were at ſchool, and the domeſtics were gone upon various errands.

Zoe ſaid to herſelf, I am now miſtreſs of my actions; nobody ſees me; I can do whatever I will; yet, I will do nothing wrong; for, though no perſon is with me, I am ſure that God ſees me; and, beſide, if I do any thing wrong, I may injure myſelf. I will behave, then, as if my papa and mamma were at my ſide.

She began, then, to write a page, according to her maſter's deſire; and af-

afterward, going to the harpſichord, ſhe played the airs which ſhe had learned. After this, ſhe ſat down during an hour to work; and, at laſt, ſhe went into the garden to water the flowers, prop them up, and tranſplant ſome that belonged to her brothers, from one bed to another.

The evening came, and Zoe was well ſatisfied with herſelf, and with her day's employment. When her papa and mamma came home, ſhe ran to meet them. Her mamma looked at her, and perceiving that ſhe had an air of ſatisfaction, "I ſee clearly, my dear," ſaid ſhe, "that you have been very good to-day; if you had not been ſo, you would not be ſo well-pleaſed with yourſelf. Be always

always good and wiſe, and you will always be happy."

Zoe promiſed that ſhe would, and made a reſolution to keep her word. Her mamma having afterwards aſked what ſhe had done, ſhe related to her the employments of the day; ſhe ſhowed what ſhe had written; mentioned the airs ſhe had played, and let her mamma ſee how much ſhe had worked. All this gave her mamma great pleaſure; ſhe embraced Zoe tenderly, and told her ſhe had been a good girl, and a very obedient child.

The next day Zoe's brothers went into the garden, and, having looked over their flowers, they ſaw ſome in new places. They doubted not that it was their good ſiſter who planted them. They went immediately to thank

thank her; "Dear Zoe," ſaid they; "you have given us ſome very pretty flowers—tell us whether we can do any thing to pleaſe you in return?" But Zoe was too good to aſk for any thing.

Her brothers returned into the garden, picked out the fineſt flowers from their beds, and tranſplanted them into thoſe of their dear Zoe; and to ſhow ſtill more how much they were delighted by the kindneſs and goodneſs of her heart, they went every morning into their gardens to gather a fine noſegay, which they preſented to their ſiſter.

At the end of a few weeks Zoe's mother received a viſit from one of her neighbours. Zoe had ſcarcely entered the room when the neighbour embraced

braced her; "Is not this that dear "little girl," ſaid ſhe, "who is ſo "good when her father and mother "are from home? I had a great deal "of pleaſure the other day," added ſhe, "in ſeeing from my window how "this amiable child behaved in the "parlour and in the garden, though "no perſon was with her. She did "every thing with the ſame order "and application as if her father and "mother had been cloſe at hand."

Zoe bluſhed at this unexpected praiſe; ſhe retired immediately from the company, and, being alone in her chamber, ſhe ſaid, while tears ſtarted into her eyes; "Ah, my God! how "much is gained by being always "good, even when we believe our-

"ſelves

" ſelves to be alone. Nothing that
" we do remains concealed. Mamma,
" at firſt ſight, knew that I had been
" good, though I had not told her
" ſo—and even this lady ſaw what I
" did, though I did not think myſelf
" in the ſight of any perſon what-
" ever. If then, I had done any
" thing wrong, it would have been
" the ſame. Ah! what ſhame
" I ſhould have ſuffered if this lady
" had ſeen me do any evil! How ſhe
" would have deſpiſed me! How
" much ſorrow that would have
" given to my dear papa and mamma!
" Yes, I will behave always well;
" even when I find myſelf in obſcu-
" rity, or am alone in a locked room;
" but no, I am never alone; where

" eve

" ever I am, God is with me; he
" ſees me, and he will bring to
" light what I do in ſecret."

LITTLE MARTIN.

LITTLE MARTIN was a poor boy who gained his bread by going of errands. One day, as he was returning from a village very far from his own, he found himſelf very much fatigued; and ſitting down at the door of a ſmall inn, he procured a glaſs of beer and a piece of bread.

While he was taking this humble refreſhment, a young gentleman and his tutor ſtopped in a carriage at the door of the inn. They were followed by ſervants on horſeback, and exceedingly well dreſſed.

The inn-keeper immediately came to the door, and ſaid, "My lord, will you do me the honour of alighting?"

"No,"

"No," replied the travellers, and, without getting out of the carriage, they regaled themſelves on a cold fowl and a bottle of wine, which were brought to them in an inſtant.

Martin, having now finiſhed his little repaſt, fixed his eyes upon them with much attention, and looked as if he would ſay, "Thoſe gentlemen are making a very good dinner, and I have had a very bad one."

The tutor, having accidentally caſt his eyes upon little Martin, gueſſed his thoughts, and ſaid to his pupil, "Look how that little boy's eyes are fixed upon us with his mouth open; I imagine that he ſays within himſelf; "I wiſh I was in that young gentleman's place."

"Well," ſaid the young man, who,

though always unwell, was of a gay temper; "let us make him the propoſition, for a moment, of changing places with me."

The governor immediately beckoned Martin to the carriage, and ſaid to him; "Seeing how attentively you look at this young gentleman, it ſeems to me, my little friend, that you would like to be in his place; will you change with him?"

"Ah, ſir," replied Martin, "you are in jeſt; but, if the young gentleman is willing, it ſhall ſoon be done! Ah, ha! what a gainer I ſhall be by my journey! Our neighbours will be confounded when they ſee me return this evening from my journey in a fine carriage."

"I take you at your word," ſaid the young

young gentleman; "I am going to reſign you my carriage and my horſes. I ſhall give you every thing that you have not; but you, on the other hand, muſt alſo give me every thing that you have, and that I want."

Martin having agreed to theſe conditions, the young traveller called his ſervants, and deſired them to aſſiſt him in getting out of his carriage.

Alas, what a ſight! All was falſe appearance; his legs, crooked like a Z, were incapable of ſupporting him. He could not hold himſelf upright. He was obliged to be held by the ſervants till crutches were brought, on which he propped himſelf.

"Now," ſaid he, to little Martin, "have you ſtill an inclination to change with me?"

"O dear, no! I have no ſuch wiſh," cried Martin, retreating from him, who no longer excited his envy; no, I do not wiſh to change. I love my two legs better than any thing you can give me. I had rather eat my dry bread, and not want any body to help me walk; and I had rather be without poultry and wine, than be carried like an image. Good by, ſir," added he, and immediately ran homeward.

"You are right," cried the young nobleman; "if you could only give me your legs I would ſtrip myſelf, with all my heart, of all that I poſſeſs in the world, to give you in return."

So true it is, that a poor perſon, with a good conſtitution, and well made, enjoys more true happineſs than

than a rich one who is always ſickly, and who is without the entire uſe of his limbs; and, thus, health is better than riches.

HENRIETTA, THE GOOD-NATURED.

HENRIETTA was an exceedingly well educated young lady; ſhe had artleſs vivacity in her wit; gentleneſs in her diſpoſition, and politeneſs in her whole deportment.

One day ſhe met the Miſs Goodfriends, who lived in the neighbourhood. What was her ſurpriſe when ſhe ſaw all four of them pale, livid, and with countenances full of vexation and ill-humour! One pouted in a corner; another had her eyes red with the tears which ſhe had ſhed; all appeared diſcontented and angry. Henrietta pretended not to ſee the ill-humour in which they were; but, after the firſt compliments, ſhe endea-

voured

voured to enliven the converſation, and inſpire her young neighbours with that gaiety which rendered herſelf ſo amiable.

She propoſed a walk in the garden; and ſeeing at the door a pretty little coach with four ſeats, ſhe immediately ſaid, with her uſual vivacity, "O, come, you four, ſeat yourſelves, and let me draw you!"

The eldeſt Miſs Goodfriend, who had a little more politeneſs than her ſiſters, ſaid that ſhe could not ſuffer it; that it belonged to her to draw the chariot for her friend; that Miſs would give her pleaſure; and that Henrietta could, beſides, take her place when ſhe was tired. In ſhort, ſhe ſat about, with good will, to draw Henrietta and her ſiſters; but, unfor-

fortunately, through the bad addreſs of the horſe, ran againſt the bank of a hedge, and overſet.

Thus, the four little girls were all thrown upon the ground. The three Goodfriends cried and complained; one had her mouth full of dirt; another aſked for her bonnet which had fallen off; the third, a fine white frock covered with dirt. All the three roſe up, and each magnified the little injury ſhe had ſuſtained, in order to have a right to ſcold.

Henrietta, far from being angry, burſt into laughter. She roſe up immediately, and while ill-humour prevented the others from aſſiſting each other, ſhe helped them to diſengage themſelves, and bruſhed off the duſt with which they were covered. This had

had, at laſt, the effect of ſoftening their temper; but they were perfectly aſhamed of their behaviour and complaints, when all looking at one another, they ſaw that Henrietta, who was the only one that had laughed at the adventure, had received a large bruiſe on her face; and that, inſtead of permitting them to pity her, ſhe begged them not to think about it. She tied her handkerchief round it herſelf; and then, placing her friends one after another in the chariot, aſſured them that ſhe wanted no other recompence for the little accident that had happened to her, than the pleaſure of drawing them. This was unanimouſly agreed to, till the chariot was put by for another amuſement.

Since that time Henrietta was at all

all their games, and gained ſo much authority over the minds of her little companions, that if ſhe propoſed any thing, it was ſure to be adopted. She even became ſo neceſſary to them, by her gay and conciliating character, that they never liked her to be abſent; and the days which Henrietta did not paſs at leaſt a couple of hours with them, appeared as long as a week.

Thus it is that goodneſs, accompanied with ſenſe and good-humour obtains without trouble the eſteem of the moſt difficult perſons, and renders their poſſeſſor amiable beyond all comparison.

* * *

THE KITE.

Mr. Nugent's children were extremely deſirous of having a kite. They aſked their papa for oſier ſticks, paper, and packthread. Their papa, who was very goodnatured, gave them what they wanted, and help to make the kite.

Toward evening, the kite was finiſhed; it was put in an airy place to dry during the night.

The next morning, the father ſaid to his children;—"My dears, learn your leſſons thoroughly; and when you know them, we will go into the fields together to fly the kite,"

Scarcely had they taken their books when they ſet off in ſearch of their

papa, reminding him of his promiſe. Being obliged to leave them himſelf, their papa recommended to them to ſit ſtill in their places, and not to go out till he returned. But, as ſoon as he was gone out, Julius propoſed to his brother to try the kite. He went in ſearch of it immediately, took it in his arms, and went out of the houſe.

Charles followed; but he had not gone four ſteps before he ſtopped and ſaid to his brother:

"I think we are both very naughty, "after all the trouble which papa "took yeſterday to procure our plea-"ſure, we are going to do what he "has expreſsly forbidden—this is "very wrong. I cannot bear the "thought

" thought of being ſo ungrateful: I " will go no farther."

" You will do as you pleaſe," replied Julius; " as for me, I ſhall go " and amuſe myſelf a moment, and " then return to finiſh my leſſon."

He reached the fields, unrolled the packthread, made, in an inſtant, all the little preparations, and raiſed the kite into the air.

Julius had promiſed himſelf much pleaſure in flying the kite; but he had none at all. His conſcience told him that he had done wrong.

Suddenly, he heard the voice of a man who was in an adjoining field; he thought that it was the voice of his papa, and immediately drew in the packthread haſtily, to lower the kite.

The packthread was caught in the branches of a tree. Julius climbed the tree, and ſet his foot upon too weak a branch, which broke beneath his weight. Julius fell to the ground, and received a great deal of hurt, eſpecially on his legs. It was long before he was able to move. At length, however, with much pain, he dragged himſelf to the houſe, with the kite under his arm all torn to rags.

At the inſtant of his coming in, he ſaw his father, who entered by another door. Think how much aſhamed of himſelf he muſt have been!

His papa, ſeeing that unfortunately he was already puniſhed for his fault, did not ſcold him: on the contrary,

he took great care of him, and put him to bed.

Julius remained in his ſick room for five or ſix days, ſuffering much; and repenting his diſobedience.

ARTHUR HEEDLESS;

A CHARACTER.

"You talk to me of nothing but Arthur. Arthur is so beautiful; Arthur is so good-natured; Arthur is so sensible:—all this is very fine and very good," said Mr. Gregory, one day, to Mr. Chamberlain: "but you do not recollect that, with all these good qualities, Arthur is as careless as a may-bug. He never knows where he is, nor where he is going.

The other day, he met, in the street, all Mr. Lewis's children. Well—he did not see any one of them: not even Alexander or George, who are his particular friends. He looked at them without knowing them, and passed by.

A mo-

A moment after, he perceived Mr. Brown's footman at a diſtance. He ran after him; ſaluted him reſpectfully; and inquired how his two daughters did: "How is Miſs Adelaide? and "how is Miſs Amelia?"

"Exceeding well," replied the footman; "but you certainly miſtake "me, maſter Arthur, for my maſ-"ter."

Arthur retired confuſed, ſaying: "Ah, John! I did not obſerve that "it was you."

He came to ſee me the day before yeſterday. What does he do? I was writing: he approached me: as I was about to turn the page, he took the ink-glaſs, and, very officiouſly, poured the ink upon my paper.

"What are you about, Arthur?"

"O dear,

"O dear, I beg a thouſand pardons, ſir, I thought I had taken up the ſand."

I inquired concerning the health of his parents? He replied, that he had come acroſs the market, and had ſeen a dromedary for the firſt time.

When going home, he could not find the different parts of his walking dreſs. He had left his hat in one room, his gloves in another; and he would have left his ſhoes in a third, I verily believe, if they had not been faſtened on his feet.

But obſerve how he is uſually dreſſed. His garters are looſe, and his ſtockings almoſt entirely at his ancles. As to what I have mentioned of the ink-ſtand, that is not the only careleſs trick that he has done at my houſe.

houſe. I have often been obliged to ſend his toys after him, for he never thinks of any thing twice.

Arthur is ſaid to underſtand geography; but if you talk to him of Rome, he replies as if you ſpoke of Conſtantinople or of Pekin. Speak of the Seine, and he thinks of the Loire, the Thames, or the Tiber.

If you make him ſenſible of his miſtake, he cries; "Ah, that is very "true; I was miſtaken."

What ſociety is ſuch a character as this? I ſhould like a barber's block better; that aſtoniſhes you—yes, a barber's block.

Its figure, indeed, would not amuſe me much; but then it would not fatigue me on a thouſand occaſions, as Arthur does.

Arthur

Arthur has a mind, and yet does not underſtand; a head, and yet does not think; ears, and yet hears nothing.

* * *

RASH-

RASHNESS;
OR, THE STORIES OF THE PERSIAN AND HIS DOG, AND OF THE KING AND HIS HAWK.

A CERTAIN Perſian of diſtinction inceſſantly prayed God to beſtow upon him a ſon. At length, a ſon was born: he returned thanks to God, and made grateful offerings. Day and night was he about the cradle; ſo that his whole time was ſpent in nurſing.

One day the mother, upon going to the bath, committed the infant to the father's care, intreating him not to ſtir from the cradle till ſhe came back.

The wife was hardly departed, before the king who then reigned, ſent

for the huſband. Since it was impoſſible to delay obeying the royal ſummons, he went to court, after having entruſted the child to the care of a favourite dog who had been bred up in the family. No ſooner was the father out of ſight, than a large ſnake made its appearance, and was crawling toward the cradle. When the dog ſaw the child's life in danger, he inſtantly ſeized the ſnake by the back of the head and deſtroyed it.

Soon after, when the father returned from court, the dog, conſcious of the good he had done, ran out to meet his maſter. The man ſeing the dog ſtained with blood, imagined he had killed the child, and without making any farther reflection or inquiry, ſtruck the poor little faithful animal

animal ſuch a blow with his ſtick, that he inſtantly expired.

When the father came into his houſe and ſaw the child ſafe, and the ſnake lying dead by the ſide of the cradle, he ſmote his breaſt with grief, accuſing himſelf of raſhneſs and ingratitude toward the dog. While he was uttering theſe woeful lamentations, in comes his wife, who, having learned the cauſe of his diſtreſs, blames him for his want of reflection. He confeſſes his indiſcretion, but begs her not to add reproaches to his diſtreſs, as reproof could now avail nothing: "True," ſays ſhe, "advice can be "of no ſervice in the preſent inſtance; "but I want to rouſe your mind to "reflection; that you may reap in"ſtruction from your misfortunes.

" Shame and repentance are the ſure
" conſequences of precipitation and
" want of reflection, which is well
" exemplified in the

" STORY OF THE KING AND THE
" HAWK.

" I HAVE heard that a king of
" Perſia had a favourite hawk. Being
" one day on a hunting party with
" his hawk upon his hand, a deer
" ſtarted up before him. He let the
" hawk fly, and followed the deer
" with great eagerneſs, till, at length
" it was taken. The courtiers were
" all left behind in the chace. The
" king being thirſty, rode about
" in queſt of water. Reaching at
" length the foot of a mountain, he
" diſcovered a little water, trickling

"in drops from the rock. He took "a little cup out of his quiver, and "held it to catch the water.

"Juſt when the cup was filled, "and the king was going to drink, "the hawk who had followed his "maſter alighted, ſhook his pinions "and overſet the cup. The king "was vexed at the accident, and "again applied the cup to the hole "in the rock. When the cup was "repleniſhed, and he was lifting it "to his mouth, the hawk clapped his "wings, and threw it down: at this "the king was ſo enraged, that he "flung the bird with ſuch force againſt "the ground that it expired.

"At this time the table-decker came up. He took a napkin out of his budget, wiped the cup, and

" was going to give the king ſome
" water to drink. The king ſaid he
" had a great inclination to taſte the
" pure water that diſtilled through
" the rock; but, not having patience
" to wait for its being collected in
" drops, he ordered the table-decker
" to go to the top of the mountain
" and fill the cup at the fountain's
" head.

" The table-decker, having reached
" the top of the mountain, ſaw a
" large ſerpent lying dead at the
" ſpring; and he perceived that the
" poiſonous foam of this creature
" mixed with the water which fell in
" drops through the rock. He de-
" ſcended, related the fact to the king
" and preſented him with a cup o
" cold water out of his flaggon.

" Whe

"When the king lifted the cup to "his lips, the tears guſhed from his "eyes. He then related to the table-"decker the adventure of the hawk, "and made many reflections upon "the deſtructive conſequences of pre-"cipitancy and thoughtleſſneſs; and "during his whole life the arrow of "regret continually rankled in his "breaſt."

The huſband, thus inſtructed by the good counſel of his wife, ever after guarded himſelf againſt that raſhneſs to which he had been before addicted.

THE SPOILT CHILDREN.

MR. DURFEY had two ſons, Philip and James, whom he loved tenderly, but did not ſpoil. He gave them an excellent education, ſuch as rendered their bodies robuſt, and gave them a healthy and vigorous conſtitution. Though he was rich, he ſeldom ſuffered them to eat rich meats: their meals conſiſted chiefly of vegetables and fruits; and he never allowed them thoſe ſtrong drinks which injure the ſtomachs of children, and heat their blood. He accuſtomed them, likewiſe, to riſing early in the morning, to waſhing themſelves in cold water, to going to bed in cold rooms, to cold

cold beds, and to diſregarding wind and rain.

Mr. Robinſon's children were very differently managed; they had, as often as they would, tea, coffee, tarts, and all ſorts of ſweetmeats. Water was warmed in the morning to waſh them; their beds were warmed in the evening; and they were not permitted to go out if the weather was cold or cloudy.

One day, Philip and Louis were talking with their father; and, without preſuming to complain of the manner in which they were educated, they happened to ſay, according to what they had heard, that the little Robinſons were very happy.

Mr. Durfey, to undeceive them, propoſed to them to go with him to

pay

pay a viſit to Mr. Robinſon, whoſe houſe was at the diſtance of ſome miles from his own. The propoſition was received with joy. They ſet out the next morning.

The journey was a very cheerful one; but when they arrived, what a ſight preſented itſelf to their eyes!

On entering the apartment, they ſaw three children in the moſt miſerable condition: their faces yellow; their eyes dull and hollow; their teeth black and broke: they were ſo weak and ſo meagre that people might have ſaid they did not get enough to eat.

Mrs. Robinſon complained with tears in her eyes, that for eight days paſt, her fourth ſon had been obliged to keep his bed; and, ſoon after,

after, ſhe brought a large glaſs of medicine, and made each of the children drink his ſhare.

At table, Mr. Robinſon's children appeared to be diſguſted with every thing, and to care for nothing: they ate little: on the other hand, their gueſts, Philip and James, ate cheerfully of whatever was ſet before them. There was even a ſalad of cucumbers, a vegetable rather indigeſtible, of which they ate heartily.

Mrs. Robinſon aſked them, with an air of concern, if ſo doing would not make them ill; and ſhe added, that ſhe ſhould think her children killed if ſhe permitted them to take ſuch food.

She was perfectly aſtoniſhed when they replied, that they were uſed to ſuch

ſuch things; and, moreover, that nothing made them ill.

Some time after they had dined, Mr. Durfey took leave of Mr. and Mrs. Robinſon; and on returning home, he ſent his children to their cold bed at an early hour, as uſual.

The next day, they came ſkipping to wiſh their papa good morning: their little cheeks were as red as roſes, and an air of health gave luſtre to their whole countenance.

"How happy I am," ſaid their papa, "to have children ſo gay, and "ſo healthy: I ſhould be truly af-"flicted if I ſaw you languid and "weak like the little Robinſons. "What do you think of thoſe chil-"dren?"

"O dear,

"O dear, papa," replied Philip and James, "thoſe poor children ex-
"cite our pity: they look like ſhadows;
"and look as if they were going to
"die. They could ſcarcely eat any
"thing that was given them: we
"would not be in their place for all
"the gold in the world."

"But," replied their father, "if I
"were to rear you as tenderly as they
"are reared; if I had your bed
"warmed, and the water in which
"you are to waſh boiled; if I were
"to give you wine, coffee, liquors;
"if, inſtead of the ſimple meats which
"we have at dinner, I ſhould teach
"you to reliſh a tart, or ſome dainty,
"you would not, at leaſt, be better
"pleaſed?"

"No, no, papa," cried they, "we
"like

" like to have cold beds and cold
" water, and nothing but plain food,
" better than to be ſick with nice
" things and warm beds."

" I am delighted, my dear James,
" and my dear Philip," ſaid the father, " that you know how to prize
" the health you enjoy. I hope that
" you will never again envy the lot of
" the little Robinſons, and that you
" will underſtand that your father, in
" educating you with leſs delicacy,
" only ſeeks your happineſs."

The leſſon which Mr. Durfey gave to James and Philip was but too well aſſiſted by what happened afterward to Mr. Robinſon's children. The boy that was ill when Mr. Durfey viſited that gentleman, died in the courſe of a few days. Two others, alſo,

alſo, died in the following year, and in this manner:—Seeing, one day in the winter, ſome children at play upon the ice, they had a great deſire to take part in the amuſement: they went, therefore, to their mother, and perſuaded her to walk for half an hour with them. After this they returned to the houſe; but the cold had ſeized them, and their perſpiration had ſtopped.

Their mother put them to bed, and made them take various medicines; but all in vain: they died in a few days.

Only the eldeſt remained. He did not die ſo early as the reſt; but he was a valetudinarian all his life.

At the age of twenty-four, he was as ſhrivelled and weak as an old

man of fourſcore: he was obliged to have a fire in his chamber every day; but, even in ſummer, he complained that he was never warm. His ſtomach was ſo weak that it could bear nothing but boiled meat, veal, lamb, chickens and poulets; and he one day expected to die becauſe he had ate a ſlice of bacon. So true it is, that thoſe who wiſh to enjoy good health, ſhould be accuſtomed to a hardy mode of life.

CECILIA LONGVILLE.

THE moſt perfect beauty is of little value when it is unaccompanied by goodneſs: Cecilia Longville was an example. Her figure was charming; her auburn locks fell in natural curls upon her ſhoulders; her eyes ſparkled with a fire full of ſoftneſs; a ſmile was always upon her mouth; and her little cheeks bloomed with the freſhneſs of a roſe.

Cecilia heard every body ſay that ſhe was pretty. Her heart was filled with pride. She could not bear to be ſpoken to of her faults. She had even the folly, in a little while, to believe herſelf the model of perfection. All that were without an agree-

able figure ſhe fancied unworthy of approaching her. Excellence of mind and goodneſs of character, were nothing to her; beauty was every thing; and of this ſhe admired only her own. It is eaſy to imagine how ſhe treated every one who had ſome natural defect in her height or figure; inſtead of pitying them, ſhe inſulted them without mercy.

Joſephina, her ſiſter, one year younger than herſelf, without being of a diſagreeable figure, had no remarkable beauty; but what made her admired by every body, was her gentle and affectionate diſpoſition; her modeſty and docility. She was very fond of inſtruction; and before her ſiſter knew a letter, ſhe could read with eaſe.

The

The two little girls had the ſmall-pox together. Joſephina ſupported her ſickneſs with equal gentleneſs and courage; but Cecilia, terrified by the danger of loſing her beauty, agitated her blood by impatience. What followed? The good Joſephina was happily cured; and no trace remained of the diſorder: but the beautiful Cecilia was ready to die, and her pretty face was intirely disfigured. Her temper became peeviſh, and as ſhe knew neither how to read or work, ſhe had nothing to divert her vexation. She was advancing in age, and ſhe became only more vain and more ignorant, and conſequently more deſpited.

Joſephina, on the contrary, rendered herſelf more eſtimable every day, by her fondneſs for work and learning:

ing: her ſociety was ſought by all her companions; her good diſpoſition drew them to her, and her underſtanding amuſed them, and made them always ſorry to leave her.

What then is beauty, if a mere ſickneſs can deſtroy it? But endeavour to acquire talents and knowledge, and you will make yourſelf an amiable and deſirable character. Theſe are advantages which nothing can take away.

LITTLE GEORGE.

WITH eyes ſtill red and full of tears, little George was one day ſitting in the parlour when his uncle came in, and aſked the occaſion of his ſorrow?

"I am very unhappy," replied George; "I cannot have any peace; "my maſter always finds ſomething "to ſcold me about: ſometimes it is "for not having put away my books; "ſometimes for coming in with my "hat on; ſometimes for leaving the "door open; and now I muſt not "have any dinner becauſe I came too "late. I am very unhappy; I can-"not bear theſe continual ſcoldings "and puniſhments."

"You

" You are very much in the right, " my dear," replied his uncle ; " theſe " things muſt be very diſagreeable ; " but if you wiſh it, I can give you " an excellent remedy againſt theſe " misfortunes."

" If I wiſh it, uncle !" replied George ; " O tell me, I pray, what I " muſt do ?"

" I am going to tell you, my dear," anſwered the uncle ; " liſten to me : " you have only to pay the greateſt " attention to what pleaſes your maſ- " ter ; and to mind always what he " tells you ; for example, you have " mentioned the diſorder of your " books, the taking off your hat, " leaving open doors, and making " dinner wait ; each of theſe things " has brought you a ſevere rebuke.

" Now,

"Now, my boy, put your books in "order whenever you have them; "never enter the room before you "have taken off your hat; ſhut the "doors after you, and be in time for "dinner. By obſerving theſe rules, "you will infallibly ſave yourſelf from "being blamed on any of the ſub-"jects you have mentioned. You "may be equally ſecure in every "other reſpect, if you only take care "to know what your maſter wiſhes "you to do; and then carefully obey "him. I will anſwer that by theſe "means you will ſave yourſelf from "being ſcolded; for if it is unpleaſant "to you to be reprimanded by your "maſter; it is much more unpleaſant "to him to be inceſſantly reprimand-"ing an untoward child."

George

George was ſtruck with the juſtice of theſe arguments. He was reſolved to follow the ſenſible advice of his uncle. His firſt care was to avoid diſpleaſing his maſter. Soon after this, he went before his wiſhes in his deſire to give him pleaſure. Inſtead of the rebukes which he had formerly received, he experienced nothing now but careſſes. His uncle never found him again in the parlour breathing ſighs and ſhedding tears; whenever he came to the houſe, he found him chearful. "Ah, my boy," ſaid he; "do you not find my counſel good?"

RO-

RODOLPHUS; OR, THE DANGER OF FALSEHOOD.

YOUNG RODOLPHUS had contracted the ſad habit of lying. It came upon him more eſpecially when he had any thing to do. Thus, when, for example, he did not know his leſſon; and when his turn came for repeating to his maſter, he began, almoſt always, by excuſing himſelf thus:

"Pray forgive me, ſir, if I do not "know my leſſon; it is not that it is "too long or difficult, but that my "papa, having a great deal of buſineſs "yeſterday, made me aſſiſt him."

And when he had not finiſhed his exerciſe, he would ſay,

"I was not able to write yeſterday; "I left

"I left my book in my papa's room,
"and my papa went out and took the
"key."

He frequently blotted his books, and drew all ſorts of ugly figures upon them; and, in order that his maſter might not puniſh him, he would ſay,

"See, ſir, what has happened!
"Yeſterday, while I was writing at
"my table, with all my books about
"me, mamma ſent for me to come
"directly, ſo I went and left my
"books. While I was abſent, my
"little brother Charles came to my
"table, and blotted my books in this
"terrible manner."

In this manner had Rodolphus, for ſome time, deceived his too credulous maſter; but, at length, the maſ-

ter

ter diſcovered his ſcholar's fault; and, from that moment, he never believed a word that he ſaid. Every time, after this, that Rodolphus did not know his leſſon, or had not finiſhed his exerciſe, he was chaſtiſed, and no attention paid, becauſe no belief could be given to his excuſes.

Sometimes, nevertheleſs, he really had good excuſes; but they were of no uſe to him. "If Henry or Frederick had told me this," his maſter would reply, "I ſhould have believed them; but how, after you have impoſed upon me ſo many times, can I believe you?"

So true it is that a lye is diſcovered ſooner or later; and that it always turns to the injury of him by whom it is uttered.

LEOPOLD.

YOUNG LEOPOLD was not free from thoſe faults which muſt be hated by good people and our beſt friends. When he was with his companions, he behaved ſo ill to them that they were almoſt always obliged to leave the moſt innocent amuſements, and forego their pleaſures, to avoid his diſagreeable company.

One day, when they had chearfully admitted him to play with them, Leopold began to diſpute as uſual; and, beſides, to cheat, and refuſe to pay his forfeits. Ferdinand not being in the humour to bear the ill-behaviour of Leopold, ſaid, "You muſt "give me the nuts which I have won; "I will

"I will have them: you have fairly "loſt."

Leopold contradicted him; and even, in his paſſion, did not abſtain from ſuch inſufferable conduct as a well-educated child never thinks of committing.

This procedure of Leopold ſo irritated Ferdinand, that he would have fought him. Happily, Leopold's uncle paſſed by at this moment. He heard the ſubject of diſpute, and with-held Ferdinand, ſaying; "And "what! you would fight with this "miſerable child! Do you not ſee "how miſerable he is? He never has "a moment of chearfulneſs; wherever "he is, people are glad to get rid of "him, and of his rugged, ſour, and "diſagreeable temper. He is already

" badly off with this vile character;
" and you would beat him! Would
" you beat a ſick perſon, whoſe mind
" was unſound, and who had done
" you ſome injury in the phrenzy of a
" fever? No, ſurely. Well, then,
" do not beat this unfortunate boy.
" Leopold does, indeed, look well;
" but his mind is very, very, ſick;
" were it not for this, he would not
" act like a madman, diſpleaſing and
" irritating all his friends. And you,
" Leopold," added he, " I pity you;
" if you are rugged, unjuſt, and in-
" ſolent, how can you expect that
" others ſhould be kind and juſt to-
" ward you? Think better, and be
" convinced, that if you do not love
" others, you cannot hope to be
" loved."

Ut-

Uttered in a gentle and lively manner, this leſſon ſunk deep into the heart of Leopold, and produced a very beneficial effect upon his character; he examined himſelf, and began, in good earneſt, to correct his bad habits. Never again was he ſeen to quit the ſtraight road of probity, nor to go beyond the bounds which honeſty preſcribes; he even deſerved, at length, the love of all his friends.

GOOD BEHAVIOUR TO SERVANTS.

MR. MARLOW enjoyed a competent fortune, and lived with his wife and two children, Henry and Octavius, on a ſmall eſtate.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were of a very amiable character, and affable with every body; they treated their ſervants with goodneſs, and kept them long in their places.

The two children did not reſemble their parents. Henry, ever ſince he had paſſed ſome months with an aunt who was rich, but proud, hard, and exacting, had taken upon him airs of haughtineſs, and an imperious tone, to which Mr. and Mrs. Marlow's ſervants were not accuſtomed.

By

By ſome means or other, Octavius, on the other hand, had contracted an oppoſite fault. He was become ſo familiar with the domeſtics, that he was frequently treated with contempt. He delighted in nothing but goſſiping and playing with them; and whenever he could eſcape from the parlour, he ran into the kitchen. It is true that the cook encouraged this, in the hope of learning from him all that was ſaid and done in the parlour.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow had often reproved Octavius for his too great familiarity with the ſervants, and Henry for his pride and haughtineſs toward them; but they were extremely afflicted at perceiving that they had not ſucceeded in reforming either.

One

One day, during the courſe of the winter, Mrs. Marlow's woman aſked permiſſion to paſs a fortnight with one of her aunts who had invited her to the wedding of her daughter, and engaged to regulate ſome concerns of the family.

Mrs. Marlow was naturally good-natured, and ſhe was perſuaded that it is ſometimes proper to enter into the little affairs of our domeſtics, endeavour to render them ſervice, and grant them from time to time requiſite indulgences; that ſuch conduct inſpires attachment, encourages fidelity, and increaſes zeal; ſhe delayed not, therefore, to grant the requeſt.

Two days after this ſervant's departure, the footman, while ſerving

at table, appeared very ſad and afflicted. "What is the matter, John?" ſaid Mr. Marlow with concern, "you "look unhappy."

"Alas, ſir," replied John, with tears in his eyes, "my poor father is "very ill, and he has a great deſire "to ſee me before he dies."

"Very right, John; you muſt go; "it will be a conſolation to him to "ſee you. Your father is a very ho- "neſt man, and you know how much "you owe him."

"Ah, ſir, I never ſhall forget it as "long as I live; but I am very re- "luctant to accept your kindneſs. "Mrs. Turner is abſent; and, if I "go, who will ſerve you? Unfortu- "nately, the cook is not equal to the "taſk;

" taſk; and, beſides, ſhe is not alert " enough."

" Never mind," ſaid Mr. Marlow, " we will do as well as we can; we " can ſerve ourſelves."

" O yes," ſaid Mrs. Marlow, " I " conſent with all my heart. John," continued ſhe, " go and eat a little, " and ſet out directly. The days are " very ſhort, ſo that you have no " time to loſe. Take a couple of " bottles of wine, and a couple of " pots of jelly, and give them to " your father from me; they will do " him good. Perhaps he is not ſo " ill as is repreſented, and only wants " ſomething to ſtrengthen him."

John thanked his maſter and miſtreſs reſpectfully, took what they had or-

ordered, and went to his father's immediately. He had not been gone a quarter of an hour when the cook came into the parlour with fury, and demanded her wages, saying, "Do "you think, then, madam, that I "will do all the work of the house "myself? Any where else I would do "it; but here, where an honest wo-"man is suspected, it is another "thing. You cannot have forgotten "what you said yesterday in the pre-"sence of Master Octavius, who "heard it."

"And what was said then," said Mr. Marlow?

"That I drank, and was a thief," said the cook.

Octavius had said nothing of this, for he had not the horrible fault of tale-

tale-telling; but from being in the habit of goſſiping with the cook, he had let ſome fooliſh words eſcape him which led the woman to ſuſpect that what ſhe complained of had been ſaid. So that Octavius had to reproach himſelf with having given occaſion, by his babbling, to this ſcene, and therefore burſt into tears.

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow were much vexed by this diſagreeable adventure; but the children, who had been the cauſe, had not a word to ſay. The cook was paid and ſent away. Being deſirous afterward to reſolve on what was to be done, Mr. and Mrs. Marlow deſired the children to leave the parlour.

When Henry and Octavius were gone out, Mrs. Marlow ſaid, "Well
"now

"now we are without ſervants; what "is to be done?"

"All that we have to do," ſaid Mr. Marlow, "is to profit by this acci- "dent; we will give a good leſſon to "our children, by whom it has been "long wanted. We will ſend for a "woman from the village to do the "hard work, and Henry and Octa- "vius ſhall do the reſt. The one "ſhall be puniſhed for his intolerable "pride, and the other ſee what is to "be gained by too great familiarity."

"O, that is well thought of," ſaid Mrs. Marlow, "this will do our chil- "dren more ſervice than all the re- "proofs we can give them."

Mr. and Mrs. Marlow having ar- anged their plan, called in the chil- ren, and informed them of what

they intended to do. "It is not "worth while to have ſervants," added Mr. Marlow, "if we deſpiſe "them as Henry does, or if we make "ourſelves deſpiſed by them, like Oc-"tavius."

At theſe words, the children felt their miſtake; took a candle, and in a melancholy mood, wiſhing their parents good night, went to bed with heavy hearts.

The next morning Henry and Octavius aroſe, but they found no water for waſhing themſelves; they were obliged, in ſpite of the cold, to go down themſelves to find it.

After this, they went in ſearch of wood; and having found in the chimney two or three lighted coals which had been preſerved under the

cin

cinders, they began to blow with all their might, but they could not make a fire.

They looked at one another, and ſaid, "We ſhall never bring it "about;" they tried many times, but always in vain. They muſt have paſſed the day without any fire whatever, if the woman from the village had not luckily arrived. Henry addreſſed her in the moſt civil manner; "Will you be ſo good as to help us "make this fire?" The woman made it.

When breakfaſt was to be had, the tea things were to be waſhed. Henry began this rather aukwardly, and finiſhed by breaking a cup.

His mamma, who entered at that

moment, ſaid; "Take care, Henry, of what you are about."

"Mamma," replied Henry, "I "know not how it happened to fall "from my hands; I thought that I "held it in the beſt manner."

"I doubt it not," replied his mamma; "but as you know how to ex- "cuſe yourſelf ſo well, have indul- "gence likewiſe for the ſervants, "when a ſimilar accident happens."

HENRY.—But I am not obliged to know how to be a ſervant ſo well as they.

MAMMA.—What do you mean, Henry? You are not obliged to know how to ſerve yourſelf? Are you ſure of always having ſervants to obey your orders? We have, it is true, a little fortune; but nothing is leſs certain,

tain, my ſon, than fortune. Did you but know how many people who have been very rich are now in the greateſt want! May not the ſame reverſe happen to you? So that, for your own good, I would have you learn to do without a ſervant.

This ſenſible diſcourſe of his mother almoſt diſcovered a new world to the eyes of Henry. From this moment he did not ſee ſo great a diſtance between himſelf and the ſervants. He was afterwards convinced, that he was leſs clever in many things than they. "How wrong I was," ſaid he, "to call John a fool, if he happened "to lay the cloth awry! I ſee, now, "how many obligations we are under "to ſervants, and from how many dif-"ficulties they ſave us. I will al-

"ways be good-natured and civil to "them; I will keep myſelf from "ſcolding them, and ſtill more from "ſpeaking to their injury."

Thus we ſee, that the object which Mr. and Mrs. Marlow had in view, was, with reſpect to Henry, accompliſhed on the firſt day. A great change was likewiſe produced in the ideas of Octavius. By living with his parents more than he had been accuſtomed to do, he perceived how much their ſociety was preferable to that of any other perſons.

At length, the ſervants returned; Mrs. Turner firſt; and after her, John, with the good news of his father's recovery. Henry and Octavius were ſcarcely known again by either of them; the one had gained ſuch gentle

gentle and civil manners, and the other behaved like a well bred child, which is the only way of deſerving the reſpect of ſervants.

THE GARDEN.

MR. BLAKE took his two ſons to ſee a very elegant garden. On their entering it, they begged their papa to let them play in one of the walks; and, after giving them leave, Mr. Blake retired to an arbour with his friend, the owner of the garden.

The two children had been always ſo well accuſtomed to good behaviour, that Mr. Blake did not think of giving them any particular charge; but his confidence was ſadly rewarded, as the following ſtory will ſhow.

Spring reigned in all her beauty, and the garden was covered with flowers; their delightful appearance ex-

excited in the children a deſire of gathering ſome of the fineſt.

Alexander had ſoon gathered a noſegay, and haſtened to ſhow it to his brother. Seeing that his own was not ſo good, James threw that which he had made away, and began to gather another.

Alexander, fearing to be out-done at this next effort by his brother, loſt no time in making a ſecond ſtill larger than the former. James found himſelf vanquiſhed a ſecond time; but he hoped to carry off the prize the third. Thus, by the emulation of each other, they ſtripped all the plants of their flowers. James had filled his hat, and one of the button-holes of his coat, and Alexander both his hands.

It was now that they began to reflect upon their great exploits; they bluſhed at beholding thoſe flowers which had appeared ſo brilliant ſome minutes before; and which were now ſo dull and withered.

Overcome with ſhame, they knew not what to do with the flowers which they had gathered. One begged the other to take his ſhare, but each was too much loaded with his own.

While they were in this miſerable ſituation, Mr. Blake returned with his friend. He ſtood confounded, when he ſaw the devaſtation of the garden, and the mournful countenances of his children.

They were deſirous of acknowledging their fault; but they could not articulate a ſingle word.

At length, Alexander, with tears in his eyes, broke ſilence, and related in what manner the thing had happened.

Mr. Blake made excuſes for them to his friend. Happily, this was a man who loved children, and who knew how to pardon ſuch faults as they committed, not through a bad diſpoſition, but through want of thought and giddineſs.

Mr. Blake, however, looked at Alexander and James with a troubled and ſerious countenance. He ſeemed to know them no longer for his children.

"O papa," cried they, throwing themſelves on his neck, "we have "deſerved your anger; but forgive "us through compaſſion, and do not "aban-

" abandon us. We know how much " need there is that you ſhould watch " inceſſantly over our actions, and " that you ſhould tell us if they be " wrong, if they diſpleaſe you, or " are diſagreeable to any one elſe."

Mr. Blake was ſo moved with theſe ſentiments, that he embraced his children and forgave them. He was ſtill more ſatisfied with them afterwards, for they never did any thing again without aſking his permiſſion, or ever gave him any other reaſon to complain of their conduct.

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE.

CHARLOTTE was a girl of a very unobliging diſpoſition; ſhe never would aſſiſt any one. Some traits of her conduct and character deſerve to be particularized.

Her ſiſter Mary would ſay, "My "dear Charlotte, be ſo good as to "help me to divide my ſkain; or "lend me your pencil; or mend my "pen:"—"I have no time, ſiſter," Charlotte would reply; "you are al-"ways interrupting me: mamma has "deſired me not to leave my work."

Her couſin Sarah came to her; they played together ſometime in an arbour; and Sarah, through forgetfulneſs, left her work-bag. Being in

haſte to join Mary in the parlour, ſhe ſaid to Charlotte, "My dear, when "you come in, pray do me the favour "to bring me my work-bag."

"Yes, indeed!" ſaid Charlotte with petulance, "I have enough to "do to bring my own."

Another day, her governeſs was dreſſing Mary; ſhe begged Charlotte to give ſome pins which lay upon the table?

"Am I your ſervant," replied ſhe, "that I muſt bring you the pins? "You can fetch them if you want "them."

When ſhe was with her companions, every one muſt run to do what ſhe wanted done; but ſhe would never do any thing for others.

She was not even attentive to her pa-

parents. Never did it enter her head to run to meet her father, to relieve him from his hat or ſtick; nor to preſent a ſeat to her mamma when ſhe was fatigued with walking.

Oh! how many troubles did the unfortunate Charlotte prepare for all the reſt of her life!

When ſhe was married, and received company at her houſe, ſhe did nothing to oblige her huſband or her friends; and if one of her neighbours aſked of her the leaſt ſervice, ſhe had always ſome pretext for refuſing it.

It may eaſily be gueſſed, that, with ſuch a character, ſhe ſoon became odious to all her acquaintance. She was never ſpoken of but in the language of diſdain and contempt.

It was not long before ſhe had an

opportunity of proving how ſtrongly the hatred ſhe had inſpired had rooted itſelf in every heart.

A large houſe, which was at an equal diſtance from her own, and from that which her amiable ſiſter Mary occupied, took fire in the night. At the firſt rumour of this accident, a crowd of people aſſembled: Charlotte was inſtantly at her door, crying out, "O my neighbours! my dear neigh-"bours! come quickly to my aſſiſt-"ance!" No perſon came; and every one ran toward her ſiſter's houſe, becauſe her good character was generally known.

Every one exerted himſelf for Mary, as if he had been working for himſelf. Owing to this ſpeedy aſſiſtance, her houſe was quickly ſaved from the flames

flames, while that of Charlotte was entirely consumed.

This event may serve as a lesson to those who, when opportunity offers, refuse to oblige others; and it may teach them, that a time will possibly come when the obligation will be returned.

THE WORK-BAG.

LITTLE Amelia and her ſiſter Ann had neither father nor mother. Mrs. Adams, their aunt, was a widow, and without children; had taken the two children to her houſe, and was at the charge of their education.

Theſe two little orphans poſſeſſed excellent qualities; but Ann was rather careleſs and negligent. She had the habit of leaving her books, her doll, and other playthings, in every corner of the houſe; ſo that ſhe had often the mortification of loſing them, or of finding them in bad condition.

One day, Mrs. Walden came to pay a viſit to her intimate friend Mrs Adams

Adams, and brought, for each of the little girls, a preſent of a ſattin work-bag, ornamented with gold. There was in each bag a needle-book, and a piece of muſlin, on which was drawn a pretty deſign.

At firſt, Ann took the greateſt care of her work-bag; ſhe never left it but in a proper place; ſhe never forgot where to find it.

One morning, the two ſiſters, each with her work-bag on her arm, entered the garden, and began to work in the freſh air. After they had worked a little, Amelia returned to the houſe, and Ann remained, admiring the flowers. She took it into her head to gather ſome, and make a noſegay. She ſet about this undertaking, and feeling her work-bag a hindrance,

hindrance, ſhe laid it upon a plat of turf which was at hand.

While gathering the flowers, ſhe ſaw a little lamb which put its head through the bars of a railing, and which bleated as if to call her. She ran toward the little animal, careſſed it, fed it from her hand, and began to play with it.

Suddenly, ſhe recollected that it was the dinner hour, and that ſhe muſt retire to the houſe. "Good bye, little lamb," ſaid ſhe; and arrived within doors without having the leaſt thought about her pretty work-bag.

She did not recollect her treaſure till the evening, when ſhe wanted her work. She ran immediately to look for it, and found it on the turf, but in the moſt deplorable condition. It

was intirely in rags, and covered with duſt and dirt; the needle-book and the muſlin were torn; the ſciſſars, her bodkin, and the needles, diſperſed here and there.

Who can give any idea of the affliction which poor Ann endured at this diſaſtrous ſight! She remained, for ſome time, ſilent and motionleſs: At length, ſhe began to examine, one after another, all the pieces; and when ſhe found them abſolutely ſpoiled, ſhe burſt into tears and lamentations.

The gardener having heard her cries, her complaints, and ſobbings, ran from the other end of the garden, to know what was the matter. Ann related to him her misfortune, and aſked

aſked him if he could tell who had done this dreadful miſchief?

The gardener replied that he pitied her much, and that it was doubtleſs the little dog who was guilty; "for," added he, "I have ſeen him running about the place for a long time."

Ann ſaw that ſhe could do nothing but gather up the pieces, and carry them, ſuch as they were, into the houſe. There ſhe could find no conſolation but from the friendſhip of her tender Amelia, to whom alone ſhe confided the ſtory of her misfortune, and who could not refrain from crying with her.

The next day, while the two ſiſters were talking together concerning the unfortunate accident of the preceding

even

evening: "Alas, my dear ſiſter!" ſaid Ann to Amelia, "my greateſt "ſorrow is to think what my aunt "will ſay; ſhe who has ſo often de- "ſired me to take the greateſt care of "my work-bag: Oh! I cannot bear "the thought. One method is in "my power for concealing my care- "leſſneſs; but I confeſs that I have "a great diſlike to it; and that I "cannot reſolve to make uſe of it."

AMELIA. And what is it?

ANN. This: the maid ſays that he has a piece of ſatin of exactly the ame colour as my work-bag; and hat her couſin, who is a milliner, ill embroider it for me, like the ther, and procure me a needle-book xactly like that which is deſtroyed. he ſays, beſide, that I have nothing

to

to do but to get ſome muſlin, and to copy the deſign from the piece which remains, which is very eaſy to be done; and that, by this contrivance, my aunt may be prevented from ever knowing what has happened; but, I repeat it to you, all this ſecreſy and deception diſpleaſes me very much.

AMELIA. You are very right: it would be intriguing and deception: and, beſide, how could you conſent, by tricks and cunning proceedings, to deceive ſo good an aunt; an aunt who loves us ſo much, and from whom we ought to hide nothing!

ANN. Ah! that is very true; if I had once the misfortune to deceive her, I ſhould never dare to meet her eyes again, for fear that ſhe ſhould

ſee

ſee in my face that I had deceived her.

AMELIA. And then, if my aunt ſhould happen to diſcover what had paſſed, what a deal of trouble it would coſt you!

ANN. You are right. Yes, Amelia, I have reſolved what to do; I will go this inſtant in ſearch of my aunt, and confeſs the whole.

AMELIA. Go, I adviſe you: that is the beſt thing you can do.

Ann went, as ſhe propoſed, without delay, to her aunt. Mrs. Adams, who was naturally good and indulgent, heard with affection the acknowledgment which Ann made of her careleſſneſs; and, ſeeing in her much emotion, endeavoured to compoſe her. "Comfort yourſelf, my

"dear child," ſaid ſhe; "this mis-
"fortune will be very uſeful to you
"if it teaches you to be more careful
"for the future than you have hitherto
"been."

The accident of the work-bag had already begun to be forgotten, when Mrs. Adams and her two nieces were invited to dine with Mrs. Walden. This invitation, which would otherwiſe have been very agreeable to Ann, did not pleaſe her much, as circumſtances ſtood. "My dear aunt," ſaid ſhe to Mrs. Adams, "I would give
"any thing in the world not to go to
"Mrs. Walden's to-morrow."

"I can believe it, my dear," replied Mrs. Adams; "for ſhe will
"doubtleſsly inquire concerning your
"poor work-bag: but what good ex-

"cuſe

"cuſe can you make for declining "the viſit? would you tell a falſe-"hood, and ſay that you are unwell? "are you diſpoſed to do ſo?"

"O, no;" replied little Ann; "ſo, "my dear aunt, I ſhall go, coſt one "what it will."

The next day arrived; and, the carriage being at the door, Mrs. Adams ſet out with Ann and Amelia, which latter had the delicacy to leave her work-bag at home, that ſhe might not give occaſion to a compariſon to her ſiſter's diſadvantage.

During the whole journey, poor Ann was very ſerious and thoughtful, though the good Amelia did all that was poſſible to divert her. She pointed out to her, ſometimes the flowers which adorned the hedges, and

the fruits which loaded the trees; ſometimes the birds which flew from branch to branch; and ſometimes the carriages which ran along the road; but poor Ann could pay but little attention to any thing ſhe ſaw.

When they had arrived, Mrs. Walden welcomed heartily, as uſual, the two young ladies; but ſhe perceived at once, that neither had brought her work-bag. She ſaid nothing at that moment; but, after talking ſome time with Mrs. Adams, ſhe aſked Amelia whether her muſlin was yet worked?

"Yes, madam," replied Amelia.

"And why, then, my dear, did "you not bring it? I ſhould have "been much pleaſed to ſee it."

At this word Amelia bluſhed, and plainly

plainly diſcovered that ſhe did not know what to ſay.

Seeing her ſiſter diſconcerted, and the ſtill greater embarraſſment into which ſhe would be thrown, the unfortunate Ann could preſerve herſelf no longer, but burſt inſtantly into tears.

Mrs. Adams now ſpoke, and related to Mrs. Walden the ſad adventure of the work-bag. She did not forget to mention the frankneſs and good behaviour of Ann.

"That was charming," ſaid Mrs. Walden; and then, addreſſing herſelf to Ann; "Comfort yourſelf, my "dear," ſaid ſhe; "you deſerve that "I ſhould give you another work-"bag."

"She will ſoon have ſuch another,"

ſaid Mrs. Adams; "I have already "ordered one; and I ſhall make her "the preſent with all my heart, as a "reward for her frankneſs and good "behaviour."

After this, Mrs. Adams did not forget to ſpeak of the delicacy which Amelia had ſhown upon the occaſion, who had forborne to diſplay her well-kept work-bag, though it was in excellent condition at home.

"What amiable children!" cried Mrs. Walden; "there is nothing "that I would not do for them; I "ſhall always love them."

The remainder of the day paſſed in cheerfulneſs; and in the evening, as the party returned home, Ann felt herſelf in a ſituation very different from that which ſhe had experienced

in

in the morning. Every thing ſhe did announced the happineſs ſhe enjoyed, and of which ſhe would certainly have been deprived if ſhe had reſorted to ſubterfuges and intrigues in order to conceal the truth. Her dear aunt, and her ſiſter Amelia, ſhared her happineſs at that moment, and had the pleaſure, ever afterward, of ſeeing her more attentive and careful.

THE PEACHES.

WILLIAM and his ſiſter Suſan had ſaid their leſſons ſo well, and been ſo good all the morning, that their mother gave them leave to play in the garden in the afternoon.

Among the different fruit-trees which were in the garden, there was a young peach-tree, which bore fruit this year, for the firſt time. The peaches were not very numerous; but they were admirable for their ſize and beauty. Though they appeared ripe, William and Suſan's mother had not yet touched them. She was deſirous that they ſhould remain ungathered till their father's return from town.

As ſhe had forbade her children, in general terms, ever to touch the fruits,

fruits, even thoſe which lay upon the ground, ſhe had not thought it neceſſary to put a particular prohibition upon the little tree which ſhe wiſhed to be preſerved. She knew, beſide, that her children were not gluttons, and they had been early accuſtomed to obedience.

Unfortunately, their play led them to the peach-tree; and they ſaw two peaches fall, which they were ſtrongly tempted to eat.

William, who ſaw them firſt, forgot his mother's command, picked them up, ate one, and gave the other to Suſan, who forgot, and ate, like her brother.

Scarcely were the peaches gone, when Suſan recollected her mother's prohibition: "Ah, dear William," ſaid

ſaid ſhe, "what ſhall we do? we have "diſobeyed mamma; ſhe has for- "bidden us to eat the fruit!—how "ſorry I am!—ſhe will ſcold us! "Ah, why did you pick up thoſe "unfortunate peaches!"

WILLIAM. O, ſiſter, mamma will know nothing of the matter.

SUSAN. O, but if ſhe ſhould know it! We had better tell her ourſelves. She will more readily forgive our faults, when we confeſs them ſincerely.

WILLIAM. That is true; but we have been diſobedient, and you know that mamma puniſhes diſobedience more ſeverely than ſhe puniſhes any thing elſe; and, beſide, we ſhall only give her ſorrow by telling what we have done.

SUSAN.

SUSAN. Aye, brother; but will ſhe not be more ſorry if ſhe finds that we have concealed our fault? and how can we look at mamma with confidence, while our conſcience upbraids us with this ſecret fault? When ſhe kiſſes us, and calls us her dear children, I am ſure that I ſhall not be able to hinder myſelf from colouring, and I am ſure that you will colour too.

WILLIAM. Ah, I ſee clearly that you know better than I. Come, let us find mamma, and confeſs what we have done.

William took his ſiſter by her hand, and the two children went to preſent themſelves to their mother.

"My dear mamma," ſaid Suſan, "we have been diſobedient; puniſh

"us

" us as we deſerve, but do not afflict
" yourſelf, becauſe that will do you
" harm; we would not have offended
" you, but that we had forgot your
" commands."

Without concealing or diſguiſing any thing, William now told what they had done.

The good mother was ſo touched by the ſincerity of her dear children, that ſhe ſhed tears. She forgave their fault with willingneſs; convinced that they were already ſufficiently puniſhed by the unhappineſs which they had ſuffered; and William and Suſan were ever afterward, very obedient children.

THE FISH-POND.

" Ah, William, if you had but " ſeen what I have ſeen ! O, how " you would have been pleaſed to ſee " the fiſh-pond full of large and little " fiſh, which came to eat the pieces " of bread that were thrown in !" It was talking thus, and ſkipping all the time, that little Elizabeth came to her brother one day, to tell him how much ſhe had been amuſed.

She had been walking with her mamma, and had ſeen the fiſh-pond in Mr. Hanway's garden. There was in this pond a great number of fine and large carp, which roſe to the ſurface of the water as ſoon as bread was thrown. With her imagi-

nation ſtill full of this ſpectacle, Elizabeth gave her brother a deſcription, which ſo greatly excited his curioſity, that he reſolved to go to the pond immediately, and throw bread to the carp. As he had attended to his leſſons very cloſely all the morning, he eaſily obtained permiſſion of his papa to go. Without delay, therefore, he bought rolls and biſcuits, and ſet off for the pond.

As he went on his way, thinking of nothing but the delightful ſight he was to ſee, he heard the voice of a poor woman, who, ſeated by the ſide of a ditch, begged the charity of paſſengers: "Have pity, my dear little "gentleman," cried ſhe, "upon a "poor woman and a poor child." She held in her hand a little child

who was crying, and whoſe countenance, like that of his mother, was disfigured by hunger and ſickneſs.

A mind of ſenſibility feels an irreſiſtible deſire to ſuccour the diſtreſſed; but William, though he had a good heart, and even a tender one, was too much carried away by the idea of the pleaſure he was going to enjoy, to be able to ſtop a ſingle inſtant. The woman often repeated to him, preſſing her infant to her boſom: "Alas, "ſir, I am ready to die with hunger;" but William, after having glanced his eye upon her, paſſed by, and, doubling his pace, purſued his way, fearing to be too late.

Preſently, he ſaw the paling by which the fiſh-pond was ſurrounded;

he reached it at length; but, to his great regret, found ſo many people there that there was no room for him. He was obliged to wait till the crowd was ſomewhat diminiſhed; and as each was as curious as himſelf, he ſtaid a conſiderable time before he was able to ſee the fiſh. This put his patience to great proof. At length, the crowd beginning to grow thin, William flew to the pond; but he was much diſconcerted when he ſaw the whole ſurface covered with bread and biſcuit. He took out one of his biſcuits, however, and threw it into the water; but he did not ſee a ſingle hungry carp, ſuch as thoſe which, in diſputing for the morſel, had amuſed Elizabeth.

He tried a ſecond piece; but it did not

not ſucceed better than the firſt. Diſappointed in his deſign, he returned toward home with vexation in his heart.

On his way, he recollected the poor woman, and ſaid to himſelf; "Why "did I not give to that unfortunate "mother all the bread which I was "going to loſe and throw on the "water?"—It is thus that even the moſt ſenſible hearts ſometimes loſe the opportunity of doing a good action, becauſe they run after pleaſure with too much avidity.

ADRIAN AND CHARLES.

ADRIAN was ſcarcely ſeven years of age; but he was as ſenſible as much older boys. Good natured, well-behaved, and obliging with his play-fellows, you never heard him mocking them, nor uſing any offenſive word. The goodneſs of his heart, and the docility of his character, won the admiration of every body; and if he purſued his leſſon alone, he was as attentive as if his maſter had been preſent.

When he was in company, he never offended others by petulance; and if he aſked queſtions, it was not that he was fond of talking, but that he wiſhed to be inſtructed.

All his companions loved his ſociety, becauſe it was pleaſant and amiable: indeed, with him, play never turned into quarrelling, nor gaiety into rudeneſs.

His parents were always complimented upon the good behaviour of their ſon; and, as Adrian increaſed their ſatisfaction every day, he was not without every innocent pleaſure which could be procured for him.

There was another little boy, named Charles, who lived in the neighbourhood. Charles was the reverſe of Adrian. He was fond of nothing but beating thoſe who were not ſo ſtrong as himſelf, and tormenting them inceſſantly.

Nor were theſe his only bad qualities. He did not pay regard to truth.

truth. One day his father had puniſhed him ſeverely for having uttered a very ſerious falſehood. After this, he ſaid: "Charles, you are the more "culpable for behaving in this ſhame-"ful manner, becauſe you have ſo "good an example in Adrian your "neighbour."

Enraged at ſeeing himſelf placed below a younger and leſs boy than himſelf, Charles reſolved to beat him the next time they met. This happening the next evening, he ran and caught him by the hair; but little Adrian's companions took his part vigorouſly; and Charles was obliged to retire, after receiving ſeveral blows.

This was not all. The boys went immediately to Charles's parents, and re-

related the wicked behaviour of their ſon; and he would have been puniſhed rigorouſly if the good-natured Adrian had not interceded for his pardon.

This inſtance of Adrian's goodneſs, made a ſtrong impreſſion upon the heart of his enemy. He could not refrain from confeſſing that Adrian was a much better boy than himſelf.

Charles began, from this moment, to love him; and, admiring his good qualities more and more, he reſolved to take him for his model. A generous emulation ſoon united them in the moſt tender friendſhip. They became inſeparable; they diſputed only the zeal with which they performed their duties; and, at the end

of

of a year, no one would have known that Charles had ever been faulty.

THE GARDENER AND THE NIGHTINGALE; OR, THE INJUSTICE OF EXCESSIVE PUNISHMENT.

A GENTLEMAN one day found his ſon beating his dog in a furious manner. Angry as he was at this behaviour, he coolly deſired the boy to forbear, and to inform him for what crime the dog was thus beaten? It appeared that the dog had committed a treſpaſs upon the young gentleman's garden; had left certain marks of his crime, in the prints of his toes upon the earth, which had juſt been carefully raked, and put into the higheſt order; and had, moreover, trodden down two or three lettuces, each of which had attained the height of an inch

inch and an half, and which were intended for the early food of a collection of ſilk-worms. The dog, you readily ſee, had committed a ſad crime; yet, ſtill, the gentleman of whom we ſpeak regarded the puniſhment as more than equal to the offence.

"We muſt always bear in mind," ſaid he, "that, while we are pretend-
"ing to adminiſter juſtice, we are
"liable, by extreme ſeverity, to be-
"come ourſelves offenders, and com-
"mit injuſtice. It is not becauſe a
"creature offends us, whether the
"individual be one of our own ſpe-
"cies or of another, that we have
"therefore a right to do it all the
"miſchief we can. Becauſe the dog
"walked over your garden, which

"was

" was a very innocent fault, you have
" hurt him as much as your ſtrength
" would permit. Can this be right?
" You muſt remember that nothing
" can be right which you would not
" think juſt toward yourſelf, as well
" as toward others. It happened, a
" very few days ago, that you did more
" harm than your dog has done, by
" running over a bed, and climbing a
" fence yourſelf. Would you then
" have thought it juſtifiable in any
" one to have beat, or otherwiſe cor-
" rected you with all his ſtrength, and
" to the utmoſt of his power? Truſt
" me, you would in that caſe have
" fared but badly. I will ſay no
" more, however, upon this ſubject,
" but relate a little eaſtern fable,

"which will, I believe, make ſome
"impreſſion upon your mind.

"There was a certain youth in
"Perſia who poſſeſſed a beautiful
"garden. You have heard that, of all
"flowers, the Aſiatics moſt admire
"the roſe. This beautiful flower is
"the perpetual ſubject of their admi-
"ration, and the theme of their
"poetry. Among birds, the night-
"ingale is their favourite; and the
"nightingale is exceedingly fond of
"the roſe. Now, it ſo happens, that
"the nightingale ſhows its fond-
"neſs for the roſe in much the ſame
"manner that little boys and girls
"are apt to do—that is, by picking
"it in pieces, rubbing its head
"among the leaves, and ſtrewing
"them upon the ground.

"As

"As the nightingale behaves on
"this occaſion juſt as you do yourſelf,
"I conclude that you will not think
"him guilty of a very great crime.
"The Perſian youth, however, thought
"otherwiſe. In the delightful garden
"which I have mentioned, a garden
"that contained the moſt delicious
"ſhrubs and flowers, and reſounded
"with the ſongs of nightingales,
"there grew one roſe-tree of un-
"common loftineſs and beauty.
"Every morning, on the top of the
"roſe-buſh, the roſes bloſſomed.
"The youth grew exceedingly fond
"of the roſes, and envied the night-
"ingales who rubbed their heads on
"the leaves of the roſes, and tore
"aſunder with their ſharp bills the

" gold that is in the middle of the
" flower.

" One day, when he went as uſual
" to behold his roſes, he ſaw a plain-
" tive nightingale tearing the beauti-
" ful flowers, and their leaves ſcat-
" tered upon the ground. He was
" enraged at the nightingale. The
" next day he ſaw the nightingale
" ſtill tearing his roſes. He grew
" more angry than before. The
" third day the roſes were plundered,
" and the thorns only remained.
" Then reſentment broke out in the
" breaſt of the youth againſt the
" nightingale. He ſet a ſnare, and
" having baited it deceitfully, he
" caught the nightingale, and con-
" fined him in a cage.

" The

"The diſheartened nightingale," ſays the fable, "opened his mouth "like a parrot, and ſaid:

"Oh, ſir, for what cauſe haſt thou "impriſoned me? and for what rea-"ſon haſt thou reſolved to diſtreſs "me? If thou formeſt the deſire of "hearing my ſongs, my neſt is in thy "garden, where, in the morning, thy "bower ſhall be the houſe of my "muſic; but if thou haſt any other "deſign, inform me of what is paſs-"ing in thy mind."

The youth ſaid: "Doſt thou "not know how often thou haſt "diſtreſſed me with the loſs of "my favourite roſe? It is right "that thy evil deeds ſhould be re-"quited; and that thou, being ſepa-

" rated from thy friends and fa-
" mily, and ſecluded from all joy
" and diverſion, ſhould mourn in the
" corner of a priſon, while I lament
" my ſeparation from my darling
" flowers."

The nightingale replied: " Forego
" this reſolution, and conſider that if
" I am impriſoned for ſuch an offence
" as tearing a roſe, what will be thy
" puniſhment if thou teareſt a heart
" aſunder?"

This ſpeech convinced the youth of his error, and he ſet the nightingale at liberty.

" You ſee then, my ſon," ſaid the father, when he had finiſhed the recital of his fable, " that we are per-
" petually in danger of inflicting a
" greater

" greater punishment than the offen-
" der deserves, and of becoming our-
" selves in fault."

FRUGALITY

FRUGALITY AND CHARITY.

A VIOLENT ſtorm had done conſiderable damage in a village. The lightning had ſtruck the cottage of a poor widow, and reduced it to aſhes. Mother of two children, deprived of all ſupport, this unhappy woman, who had hitherto lived in decency and comfort, ſaw herſelf obliged to implore public charity. She began her journey with her two children. They arrived early one morning at the farm of a countryman in good circumſtances, whoſe name was Williams. They found him at the door of his ſtables, where he was ſcolding his ſervant for having left ſome old ropes expoſed all the night to the

rain, inſtead of putting them under cover: "Ah, mother, we ſhall gain "nothing here," ſaid the children in a whiſper; "this man is too "niggardly; do you hear how he "ſcolds about a trifle?"

"Hold your tongues, my children," replied the good widow; "this "farmer is frugal; but perhaps he is "not the leſs charitable."

She was not deceived. This man, who appeared ſo parſimonious, ſeeing her and her children, approached, and aſked them kindly whether he could do them any good?

They related the misfortune which had befallen them, and artleſsly deſcribed their wants. He was moved: "Come with me, my children," ſaid he, "we will breakfaſt together, and

"I will

"I will afterward endeavour to do "ſomething for you;" and, in reality, after breakfaſt, he took them into his cloſet, and gave them a conſiderable ſum, and promiſed to ſend them beſide, not only grain to ſow a field which belonged to them, but alſo wood and materials to rebuild their houſe.

It would be difficult to expreſs the gratitude of the poor widow; but ſtill more ſo the ſurprize of her two children, when they beheld the generoſity of the good countryman. They ſtared; they looked at each other; they ſeemed almoſt to doubt what they ſaw.

On returning home, their mother did not fail to ſhow them how much they had been in the wrong in taking

the

the farmer for a miſer: "It is true," ſaid ſhe, "that he looks cloſely into "his affairs; but it is doubtleſsly by "watching over every thing which "can produce a little profit, and "taking care of whatever may occa- "ſion loſs, however trivial, that he "has become enabled to aſſiſt the un- "fortunate."

"Aſſure yourſelves, my children, "that, but or his frugality, we ſhould "not have left him thus laden with "benefits."

CONFESSION OF FAULTS.

LITTLE BENJAMIN had often heard his father ſay that he ought never to deny the faults he had committed; and that he ſhould always ſpeak the truth. Benjamin, like a good child, faithfully followed this leſſon. When he came home, and his father ſaid, "My child, where have you been to-"day? What have you done?" Benjamin mentioned all the places he had been in, all the perſons he had ſeen, and all the amuſements in which he had been engaged.

By accident, he one day broke a beautiful porcelain vaſe. As he was alone when this happened, he could eaſily have concealed his ſhare in the mis-

misfortune. The ſuſpicion would probably have fallen on one of the domeſtics, rather than on him; but Benjamin was incapable of the leaſt deception; he would, beſide, have been very ſorry to have brought any one of the poor ſervants into diſgrace for an accident in which he only was concerned. He choſe, therefore, to go and find his father, to whom, in tears, he ſaid, "Papa, a great mis-"fortune has happened to me: I "have broken your porcelain vaſe."

His father was much vexed, becauſe the vaſe had been given him by one of his beſt friends. Nevertheleſs, as Benjamin, by willingly acknowledging his fault had given a new proof of his regard to truth, his father did not ſcold him much, but made

him pay a little forfeit to warn him of being careleſs for the future, and recommended to him to continue to ſpeak the truth and be ſincere.

Benjamin faithfully followed this advice. He ſpoke truth at ſchool as well as elſewhere. It ſometimes happened that he was not ſo diligent and ſtudious as he might have been; but he never tried by tricks and falſehoods to excuſe his faults. If he had not done all his duty; or if he did not know his leſſons perfectly, and his maſter aſked the reaſon, he replied ingenuouſly: "Forgive me this neg-"ligence, ſir, I have been extremely "idle to-day;" or, perhaps, he acknowledged that he had taken ſo much pleaſure at play, that he had entirely forgot he had ſtill ſome-

thing

thing to learn. This ingenuity made his maſter love him better than any of his other ſcholars, who always brought falſe reaſons to exculpate themſelves when they had done any thing wrong.

There happened, however, at length, an affair at ſchool which had nearly deprived poor Benjamin of all his reputation for ſincerity. One of his ſchool-fellows, a very bad boy no doubt, had ſtolen two little ſtamps which were intended as rewards for thoſe ſcholars who did their duty beſt.

The maſter, to diſcover who had taken the ſtamps, ordered all the ſcholars to bring their ſatchels to be examined. Immediately, the robber, fearful of being diſcovered and

chaſtiſed, very wickedly put the ſtamps into Benjamin's ſatchel.

Several ſcholars had already brought their ſatchels, and no ſtamps were to be found. Benjamin brought his; but, in preſenting it, behold the ſtamps fell to the ground! The poor boy was aſtoniſhed. Nevertheleſs, he was not confuſed, but picking them up, he gave them to his maſter.

"Is it you, Benjamin, who have "robbed me of my ſtamps?" ſaid he. "No, ſir," replied he, "I know not, "in truth, who can have put them "into my ſatchel."

The maſter would not, certainly, under ſuch circumſtances, have believed any other boy; but he believed Benjamin on his word: "No, my "boy," ſaid he, "you have not "ſtolen

" ſtolen my ſtamps; you would have
" acknowledged the truth I am ſure.
" Some bad boy muſt have put them
" into your ſatchel."

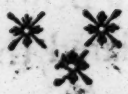
Then, turning to the ſcholars, he ſaid:

" Which among you has been ſo
" wicked as to ſteal the ſtamps, and
" put them into Benjamin's ſatchel?"

They all declared themſelves innocent; but he that was guilty ſoon betrayed himſelf. He coloured, and, preſſed by the maſter, he acknowledged all, and was ſeverely puniſhed. Benjamin, on the contrary, ſaw his innocence triumph; and when he returned home, he exclaimed to his papa:

" What thanks I owe you, my dear
" papa! if you had not taught me

" to ſpeak the truth, I ſhould have
" been deſpiſed and puniſhed for a
" fault which I did not commit.



THE REFORMATION.

MRS. BAILEY was obliged to viſit London for ſome weeks. On her return, and after ſhe had paſſed ſome days with her four daughters, Fanny, Charlotte, Sophia, and Amelia, ſhe perceived that their behaviour was greatly altered.

There was no longer that attention to each other for which they had been hitherto remarkable. There was no longer that air of politeneſs which diſtinguiſhes well-bred perſons. One aſked to have ſomething done; the other refuſed with haughtineſs and diſdain. Sometimes they came to diſobliging, and even opprobrious, language. Every moment they quarreled with each other.

When

When the eldeſt wiſhed to walk in the garden, the youngeſt would obſtinately ſtay in her chamber, and the two others ſit at the window. It was thus that they contradicted each other, inceſſantly, and their diſunion increaſed every day.

Mrs. Bailey was wounded to the heart by ſeeing her children thus uncivil to each other, diſputing continually, and ſometimes even making faces; and ſhe endeavoured to correct their errors.

At firſt, however, ſhe pretended not to ſee or hear any thing that was going forward, and waited for a favourable opportunity to ſpeak. This opportunity ſoon arrived.

One day, when theſe young ladies had had an altercation ſtill more vio-

ſent

lent than uſual, they went to ſeek their mamma. Diſcontent and rage were painted on their countenances. Each complained; each accuſed the other of having been the cauſe of the diſpute; and each, as may be gueſſed, related the ſtory to her own advantage.

Mrs. Bailey heard them all with patience. When they had done ſpeaking, ſhe ſaid: "I know not "which of you is in the right; I "am even very deſirous of believing "that neither is in the wrong; "but, in order that you may be no "longer troubleſome to each other "in your play, and that you may be "unable to quarrel, I muſt have you "adopt a plan which has come into "my head, and which I think excel-"lent. There are four of you. I

" mean that each ſhall have a corner
" of the room to herſelf, where ſhe
" may play, and amuſe herſelf ac-
" cording to her own fancy, and
" where none of the others ſhall go.
" As I would not give either of you
" the leaſt pretext for complaint,
" you ſhall draw lots for the corners,
" and I will put you in poſſeſſion
" immediately. This is not all; I
" will give you the whole afternoon
" to eſtabliſh yourſelves, to amuſe
" yourſelves, and to ſee, in ſhort,
" whether you ſhall be the more
" happy for this new arrangement."

The young ladies were well ſatisfied with the expedient which their mamma had propoſed. A little corner in the room ſeemed to them a little fortune; each went to that which fell

to

to their lot, and began to play by herſelf.

Fanny told a ſtory to her doll; but when ſhe had finiſhed, the doll made no anſwer, and was unable to tell a ſtory in return.

Charlotte wiſhed to play at ſhuttle-cock; but ſcarcely had played a few minutes, when, having no one to play with her, ſhe grew weary of the amuſement.

Sophy wiſhed to play at her favourite game of queſtions? but whom had ſhe to queſtion? and who was to reply?

Emily ſet about making a doll-feaſt; but, when ſhe had completed her proviſion, ſhe perceived that there was only her own doll to be preſent: thoſe of ſiſters were excluded.

In

In ſhort, of all the games, not one ſucceeded. They went, therefore, once more to their mother, and begged, with tears in their eyes, that ſhe would ſhow them ſome way of being happy.

" I know but one, my children," ſaid ſhe: " You uſed to know it; " but you have certainly forgot your- " ſelves. If you will promiſe to " make uſe of it, I will call it to " your remembrance."

" We promiſe," cried they, impatient to hear what their mamma would ſay.

" It is to be kind among your- " ſelves," replied Mrs. Bailey: " it " is to entertain friendſhip and in- " dulgence reciprocally for each " other.

" Ah,

"Ah, my children," added ſhe, "you have only been unhappy, and "I too, ſince you ceaſed to love and "befriend one another."

As ſoon as ſhe had pronounced theſe words, her daughters, aſhamed and confuſed, acknowledged their mamma to be in the right. They felt their affection return, embraced each other, and promiſed to love as formerly.

They kept their word; and now they are no longer ill-natured or quarrelſome.

INDOLENCE RECLAIMED.

HENRY BURNET was an indolent boy, who, from morning to evening, thought of nothing but play. One day, his father called on him, and ſaid: "My ſon, I ſee that you will "never do any thing while you re- "main in my houſe, and that if you "are here much longer you will be "an idler as long as you live. For "this reaſon, I have made a new ar- "rangement, and you ſhall go to- "morrow to board at a conſiderable "diſtance. We ſhall ſee how you "behave yourſelf there. If you con- "tinue to have as little application "as before, I ſhall ſend you ſtill

"farther;

"farther; for, poſitively, I will not "have you an idler."

"Ah, papa," replied Henry, "I "will be careleſs no longer, I aſſure "you: keep me at home a little "while longer, and you ſhall ſee."

"You have always promiſed me to "reform, and you have never had "reſolution to do ſo. I ſee that you "hate your indolence only when it is "to be puniſhed. Hold yourſelf "ready, therefore, to go to-mor-"row."

Poor Henry cried a great deal; but he was obliged to go. Arrived at the boarding ſchool, he performed his duty for ſome time with attention; but he ſoon fell into his old inactivity and indolence. During the hours of inſtruction, his thoughts

were wandering about, and he heard little of what his maſters ſaid. Inſtead of ſtudying his taſk, and doing his duty, he paſſed his time in doing nothing. Very ſoon, his companions, even the youngeſt, went much beyond him. One or other of his maſters often ſaid to him: "My dear "boy, how many misfortunes are "you not preparing for yourſelf? "What will that good and reſpecta-"ble man, your father, ſay, when "he ſees you leave us as ignorant as "you came, and with the ſame "faults that you had before? How "this will grieve him! How he will "regret having ſent you here! Who "knows to what extremities he may "proceed!" But theſe obſervations made no impreſſion upon Henry. He

He continued idle, and without application.

One day, as he was doing nothing, he received a letter with a black ſeal: he opened it, and read as follows:

" My dear boy,

" Your father is no more. God " took him yeſterday to a better life. " I have loſt in him my beſt friend. " I have now only you who can aſ- " ſuage my grief. I ſend you the " laſt words of your dying father:

" May our ſon," ſaid he, preſſing " my hand for the laſt time, " may " our ſon return to you thoroughly " corrected of his indolence and ſloth, " and place all his happineſs through " life in attending to yours!"

" Read over again, my ſon, theſe " laſt words of your father; I am

" ſure that they will make the pro-
" per impreſſion upon your heart;
" and that they will animate you to
" follow the counſels formerly given
" you by the beſt of fathers. I may
" yet be happy, if you are wiſe, and
" if you have profited by the good
" education which we have always
" endeavoured to give you. Ah, if
" you have not profited, if you
" ſhould return ignorant, and with-
" out a love of application, I ſhall
" be overcome with grief! I fore-
" warn you that I cannot keep you
" much longer at ſchool; my fortune
" will not permit me. We have
" both loſt all our ſupport. May
" God bleſs you! I am your af-
" fectionate mother, who always
" tenderly loves you."

What

What a thunderbolt to Henry! He ſhed a torrent of tears; he wrung his hands, and wiſhed to read over his mother's letter a hundred times; but when he came to the laſt words of his father, he was always obliged to ſtop.

Night came. He could not cloſe his eyes; he thought of his father, and of the reproaches which his indolence deſerved from him.

He thought afterward of his mother, and of the ſorrow ſhe would experience when he returned to her: "When," ſaid he to himſelf, "ſhe "ſees my bad writing; when ſhe "gives me a ſum to caſt up which "I cannot reckon; when ſhe exa- "mines me in my geography which "I have not learned; when, in ſhort,

" ſhe ſees that my books are ſtill " new and unopened, in what grief " will ſhe not be plunged! O that I " may be able to recover the time " that I have loſt!"

" I am already eight years old, and " I am not more advanced than if I " was only four."—Thus, toſſing in his bed, he paſſed the night without being able to ſleep a ſingle moment.

As ſoon as it was light, he aroſe, went to his maſter, embraced his knees, and ſaid, with tears in his eyes: " Ah, ſir, I have been idle " hitherto; I have learned nothing. " I feel now the bad conſequences of " my negligence, and of my want of " application. I repent ſincerely " of my faults; I wiſh for nothing " ſo much as to repair them. Tell me,

" pray,

" pray, how I may do ſo. I will " ſubmit to every thing."

The maſter, touched by the words, and the affliction of poor little Henry, ſaid: " My dear, the time " which you have miſemployed is ir- " revocably loſt to you. May you " make a better uſe of what is yet " your own, in order that, ſome " years hence, you may not have " new cauſe of repentance. Begin " this very day to amend. Pay at- " tention to whatever is ſaid to you. " Apply yourſelf heartily to learn " your leſſons. Do not ſleep over " your duty; and as you have hi- " therto loſt a great deal of time, " employ, for the future, a part of " your holidays, and times, of play, in " the ſtudy of what you have neg-

" lected

"lected to learn. You may thus "become reconciled to yourſelf, and "repair the great loſs of time which "you lament."

Little Henry thanked the good maſter for this advice, and began from that day to follow it. Never did he permit himſelf to follow amuſement till he had done his duty, and applied himſelf with ardour and with pleaſure. If any fits of idleneſs overtook him, he immediately opened his mother's letter; and in reading moſt eſpecially the laſt words of his father, he felt his courage revive, and his good reſolution ſtrengthen. It was by this conduct, maintained for a conſiderable length of time, that he acquired the habit of application and labour; and when he returned to his mo-

mother, he was her joy and her consolation, and became at length her support.

THE STORY OF MARY-ANN.

It were to be wiſhed that our readers had known the little Mary-Ann. She was only the daughter of a poor labourer; but ſhe was not the leſs eſtimable. Mrs. Stamford was very fond of her, and made her often come to her houſe to play with her daughter Emily, who was of the ſame age as Mary-Ann. In a ſhort time, Emily was never happy without her little companion, whom ſhe loved with all her heart.

Mary-Ann, on her ſide, fully ſenſible of the friendſhip of Emily, neglected no opportunity of ſhowing her gratitude. Nothing but a violent rain, or a heavy fall of ſnow, prevented

vented Mary-Ann from going to play with Emily. A little illneſs having kept her away for a few days, ſhe went one morning, and waited a long while at the bottom of the ſtaircaſe, till a ſervant appeared to introduce her as uſual into the parlour.

Mary-Ann had begun to be uneaſy at the ſolitude and ſilence which reigned in the houſe when ſhe ſaw the chamber-maid, who appeared in conſiderable agitation.

"Be ſo good, madam," ſaid Mary-Ann, "as to tell me where Miſs "Emily is?"

"Miſs Emily!" replied the chamber-maid: "if you had wiſhed to "play with her, you ſhould have "come three days ago, for ſhe is not "to be ſeen to-day."

To theſe words, which conveyed a ſort of reproach, Mary-Ann replied: "I could not come, madam, I aſſure "you; for I have been ill."

"You have been ill?" ſaid the "chamber-maid: "Miſs Emily alſo "has been ill theſe two days. She "keeps her bed; and I am afraid "that ſhe will not leave it: ſhe has a "very bad ſmall-pox."

"Ah!" cried Mary-Ann, "Miſs "Emily is very ill! Miſs Emily will "die!" Immediately ſhe ran up the ſtaircaſe, and meeting Mrs. Stamford, "Madam," ſaid ſhe, "permit me to "go to Miſs Emily: I wiſh to ſee "her and ſpeak to her. I beg, ma-"dam, that you will not refuſe me "this favour."

Mrs. Stamford took pains to diſ-

ſuade

ſuade her from going to her daughter, but Mary-Ann flew to the chamber of Emily, who was alone."

"Ah, Miſs Emily," ſaid ſhe, approaching her bed, and taking her hand, "in what a condition I find "you! Let me be with you—I will "not leave you night or day—I will "nurſe you—I will wait upon you." She was going to ſay more, when Emily preſſed her hand, and gave her to underſtand that her attention would be very agreeable. Meanwhile, Mary-Ann, after having gone thus far, recollected that ſhe could perform no part of her promiſe unleſs her parents firſt gave her permiſſion. She immediately went to aſk them; and, having obtained leave, ſhe returned to Emily.

She was an excellent nurſe; night and day, ſhe was cloſe to the ſick-bed. When Emily ſeemed uneaſy, and when ſhe complained, Mary-Ann aſked her what ſhe would have, and whether ſhe wiſhed for any thing; gave her broth and medicine, and did, in a word, every thing in her power to comfort her. It ſometimes happened, that a noiſe was made in Emily's chamber; that ſomebody ſpoke too loudly, or trod too noiſily. Mary-Ann was ſeriouſly angry with thoſe who had ſo little regard for the ſick child. When Emily was almoſt out of patience with this noiſe, Mary-Ann comforted her: "Take cou-"rage," ſaid ſhe: "ſhall I ſing you "a little ſong?"

Emily

Emily no ſooner ſignified, in the ſlighteſt manner, that ſhe ſhould like to hear her ſing, than Mary-Ann ſung to her all the airs ſhe knew, and with which Emily was unacquainted. It was thus that the days followed one another without expoſing the ſick Emily to wearineſs. By degrees, ſhe recovered her health, her pain ceaſed, her ſkin healed, and her appetite returned.

When Emily was cured, ſhe ſpoke to her papa, and aſked him what ſhe could do to teſtify her gratitude to Mary-Ann. Her papa, who was overcome with joy at the ſight of his daughter, thus recovered, deſired her not to trouble herſelf upon that ſubject, as he himſelf had already thought of rewarding not only that amiable

amiable child, but her parents alſo, who had brought her up ſo well.

In ſhort, he gave Mary-Ann two pretty frocks, and, when he gave them, ſaid: "Mary-Ann, you ſeem "to be a very good girl. I am much "pleaſed with your behaviour to "Emily. If you will come and live "with her, it will give her pleaſure, "and I will take care of you all your "life."

Mary-Ann thanked him very gratefully; but, a moment after, ſhe ſeemed much afflicted, and began to cry.

"What, my dear," ſaid Mr. Stamford, "are you diſpleaſed with my "propoſal?"

"Forgive me, ſir," ſaid Mary-Ann, "I am much pleaſed; but "what

" what afflicts me is, that I ſhall be
" happy while my parents, perhaps,
" are diſtreſſed. They are often ſo."

" No, no, they ſhall not be in
" diſtreſs," replied Mr. Stamford;
" I have already thought of fixing
" them in one of my farms, the te-
" nant of which has lately died with-
" out leaving children. Go and tell
" them to come hither immediately,
" to take the leaſe."

Mary-Ann ſcarcely gave herſelf time to expreſs her gratitude for ſo much generoſity, before ſhe ran in haſte to her parents, to announce the good news.

Thus every one was gratified. The father and mother of Emily rejoiced in the re-eſtabliſhment of the health of their child. Emily was delighted

at

at being able to make her little friend happy. Mary-Ann was filled with joy at coming to live with Emily; and the parents of Mary-Ann lived ever afterwards in eaſe; and all this happineſs was the conſequence of the gentleneſs and ſenſibility of Mary-Ann.

THE END.

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